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FOLK WE TOUCH IN PASSING

NEIGHBOR O' MINE.

By JULIA CHANDLER.

(Copyright, 1916.)

When The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady lay ill and helpless many there were who volubly voiced their sympathies, and went the way of their personal interests with never a moment to spare for another. But one there was who talked very little and did very much. She was not The Oldest Friend, nor yet the richest. Just The-Lady-Across-the-Way whom The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady had not known very long. But the heart of her was of pure gold. Little Boy said she "looked like the Angels."

And Little Boy ought to know, for he's the closest thing there is to heaven.

When The-Lady-Across-the-Way drew aside her front curtain and saw the face of Little Boy pressed against the window pane of the house opposite she gave him a smile and threw him a kiss as was her custom upon such occasions.

But, strange to say, no answering smile or gently blown kiss came back to her.

In fact Little Boy seemed not to notice, which was stranger still for, as The-Lady-Across-the-Way had often commented, he was the most alert little coddler she had ever seen. But now, when she repeated her affectionate little greetings until she was confident she had attracted his attention, Lit-



"Why didn't you let me know?" questioned The-Lady-Across-the-Way.

Little Boy's face was still so somber; his unkempt appearance a thing so unusual that right quickly his wondering observer made her way across the street to see what in the world could have chased the sunny smiles out of the big blue eyes upon a morning so perfect.

Little Boy saw her coming; slipped quietly from his place at the window, and when he had opened the door threw himself pell-mell into the open arms of The-Lady-Across-the-Way.

"Blessed baby!" exclaimed the visitor as she kissed the tear stains on the exquisite little face, "whatever can be the matter?"

"They've most deadened my muvver" came the startling reply as the small hands pulled The-Lady-Across-the-Way along the hall, tugging still at her skirts as she ascended the stairs and opened the door of the confused room in which lay The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady spent with the pain of an unexpected and acute illness.

"Why didn't you let me know?" questioned The-Lady-Across-the-Way as the Man as his tired eyes met hers in greeting of gratitude for her coming.

"It came so suddenly that there was no time. All night she has suffered so that I could not leave her a moment longer than to telephone for the doctor. But I'm glad you've come," whispered back The Man.

The-Lady-Across-the-Way smiled up into his face; told him to freshen up a bit while she made The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady more comfortable and when The Man had come back to take her place beside the patient the practical visitor slipped into the kitchen and quickly made ready a bit of breakfast for Little Boy and his father, her capable hands quickly dispelling the confusion the night had brought.

Now The-Lady-Across-the-Way, and the folk she neighbored, were

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"A good salad may be a prologue to a bad supper."—Proverb.

BREAKFAST.

Cereal and Cream.
Stuffed Oysters.
Muffins and Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Pineapple Salad.
Cream Cheese Sandwiches.
Orange Whip.
Sponge Cakes.
DINNER.
Potato Soup.
Roasted Duck.
Stuffed Baked Potatoes.
Apple Sauce, Jelly, Endive Salad.
Pineapple Ice Cream.

Stuffed oysters—Place oysters on the half shell and on top of each place a slice of bacon. Spread the bacon with a paste made from one cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoon of melted butter, one each of chopped parsley and chopped mushrooms. Season with salt and paprika and bake in the oven until the oysters curl.

Stuffed baked potatoes—Scoop out the inside of baked white potatoes; cut them in cubes and add one teaspoonful of chopped green pepper to each potato, with the same of a rich cream sauce. Fill the potato and bake.

Orange whip—Whip one pint of cream stiff with one-half cup of powdered sugar and the white of an egg. Add the grated rind and juice of half an orange. Serve very cold.

just every-day sort of people whose circumstances were comfortable enough when things went well, but liable to suffer strain in case of illness. With The-Father and Mother of Little Boy this was so particularly the case that The-Lady-Across-the-Way knew just exactly what it meant to The Man when he asked her if she should get a nurse for The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady.

"Unless the doctor thinks it imperative to do so I believe we can manage without," she answered him, fully conscious of the sacrifice such a decision would mean to her and hers, specially if the illness that had come to The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady so suddenly was to be of long duration.

When the doctor came they held a consultation—the good physician, The Man, and The-Lady-Across-the-Way.

The doctor looked grave when the latter suggested that it might not be necessary to tack the expense of a nurse upon The Man. He said The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady was pretty ill and would need a deal of attention, and as he said it he looked sharply at The-Lady-Across-the-Way for he had had a deal of experience with the sort of help outsiders give and knew it to be of small practical value in the hour of illness.

"I am not that sort," said The-Lady-Across-the-Way divining The Doctor's line of reasoning, whereupon The Man protested that he "could not think of such an imposition," but The-Lady-Across-the-Way laughed away his objections; took The Doctor's instructions, and went quietly about their fulfillment while The Man sought the services of a some-time helper in the hours of need—a faithful servant who could take care of the house and the meals until The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady was again on her feet.

Days slipped into weeks and still The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady was confined to her room. But through them all The-Lady-Across-the-Way was faithful. She took care of Little Boy's precious mother and of Little Boy himself, attending her own home with its myriad duties as well.

Others came and went—some of them nearby neighbors—some of them friends who had known The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady for years—among them The Oldest Friend.

Always she bustled in with an air of haste.

"What can I do for you, dear?" she questioned as she tightened her furs preparatory to fulfilling an appointment with her modiste for a fitting.

"Nothing," smiled The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady, her eyes wandering across the room to The-Lady-Across-the-Way who sat unobtrusively by the window darning a great basket of hose for Little Boy and The Father, while Little Boy himself pressed his soft cheek against her knee.

"You know," confided The Oldest Friend to the sick woman, "I never was much account in illness, but I'll gladly do anything you'll tell me about."

Others like The Oldest Friend offered as indefinite help, but never a one saw a thing to be done and did it.

That was why The-Lady-Across-the-Way was very tired when at last The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady was able to be about the house—almost ready to be taken care of herself.

No one knew just how tired but herself.

Unless The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady divined, or the heart of Little Boy felt it with a child's almost uncanny understanding of life's values.

Sometimes The-Lady-Across-the-Way felt he knew, just by the way he pressed his soft cheek against her own lingeringly, or questioned her with his great blue eyes that brimmed with tenderness.

Sometimes the tenderness of him hurt, so greatly did it intensify the yearning of the heart of The-Lady-Across-the-Way for a Little Boy of her own, and she would take the curly head between her hands and kiss it all over until, when Little Boy at last saw her eyes he wondered why all at once they looked at him through a mist, and why The-Lady-Across-the-Way turned them suddenly away when the mist came into them.

But then there were many things about which Little Boy wondered. And another was soon to come.

For one night as The-Lady-Across-the-Way was making ready to go home The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady suddenly pulled her head down and kissed the soft hair where it waved back so beautifully from the fine forehead.

"Neighbor O' Mine," she whispered.

There was a world of appreciation; of love; of tenderness in the tone, but it was the queer catch in his mother's voice that made Little Boy wonder.

When he looked up at his father, standing at the foot of the bed, a great tear had stolen surreptitiously down The Man's cheek although the light in his eyes was one of gladness.

But stranger still to Little Boy was The-Lady-Across-the-Way, who tried to speak; failed, and hurried from the room with her face all alighted by that inner radiance which has its birth only in unselfish service.

"Why," exclaimed Little Boy, his eyes wide with wonder, "why, The-Lady-Across-the-Way looked just like the Angels!"

President and Bride Attend Keith's Theater; New Ambassador to Russia and Mrs. David R. Francis Are Guests of Lansings at Dinner

Other News of Society at the Capital

OF GREEN FAILLE



In the modish shade of palm leaf green is this chic model of faille, a velvet ribbon belt, collar points and cuffs in copper color providing a note of contrast. The long sleeves are of Georgette crepe. A slight pannier effect makes the skirt distinctive.

President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, with Mrs. Bolling and Miss Bertha Bolling, occupied the White House box at the B. F. Keith Theater last night. The theater was packed from pit to dome. The Presidential party received a rousing tribute from the audience, which stood and applauded all through the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the orchestra.

The newly appointed Ambassador to Russia and Mrs. David R. Francis were the guests of honor at a dinner given last evening by the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels entertained at dinner last evening in honor of the United States Ambassador to Turkey and Mrs. Morganthau. The other guests included Miss Ruth Morganthau, the Charge d'Affaires of Turkey and Mrs. Hussein Bey, the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker; Senator and Mrs. Edwin S. Johnson, Gen. and Mrs. George Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crane, Admiral and Mrs. Taylor, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Carl Vrooman, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Noyes, Mr. Norman Hapgood and Mrs. Kenny, of North Carolina.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. H. T. B. Harris were hosts at a dinner of fourteen covers last evening in celebration of the admiral's birthday anniversary.

Col. Dion Williams, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Williams gave a dinner party last evening.

The Army and Navy Cotillon Club entertained at the second dance of the season last evening in the gold room at the Lafayette Hotel. The members of the club and their guests were all in costume and wore masks until supper was served at 11 o'clock.

An event of interest this afternoon will be the piano recital to be given in the ballroom of the New Willard at 4:30 o'clock by Mr. Carlos del Castillo, professor of the National Conservatory of Mexico.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was the honor guest at a charming luncheon which Mrs. Ollie James gave yesterday. The table was adorned with a centerpiece of sweet peas.

The other guests were Mrs. Joe Enkle, Mrs. Percy E. Quinn, Mrs. J. C. W. Beckham, Mrs. William F. Dennis, Mrs. Andrews Jones, Mrs. Thomas J. Walsh, Mrs. J. P. Tarrin and Mrs. Thomas R. Hutchinson.

Mrs. James will entertain at a box party at the Belasco this afternoon.

Mrs. Charles T. Menoher, wife of Capt. Menoher, U. S. A., entertained at luncheon yesterday, her guests including Miss Rose Greely, Miss Gertrude Greely, Miss Helen Nesmith, of Lowell, Mass.; Miss Blanchard Scott and Miss Dorothy Simpson.

Mrs. Archibald Gracie will be hostess at a breakfast today at noon in honor of the Third Secretary of the Japanese Embassy and Mrs. Ohta, who will leave Washington March 20. Mr. Ohta has been transferred to Mexico, where he will serve as charge

d'affaires of the Japanese legation in Mexico City.

Rear Admiral Frank E. Beatty, who since his retirement from active service last autumn has been making his home at Annapolis, came to Washington yesterday and is at the Willard.

Mr. Malcolm R. McAdoo, of New York, is spending a few days at the Shoreham.

Miss Alice Lovering, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. A. Garrison McClintock.

Maj. Gen. W. W. Wotherspoon who, with Mrs. Wotherspoon is visiting Major and Mrs. W. D. Connor, will leave Washington on Monday for Albany. Mrs. Wotherspoon plans to remain in Washington a few days longer.

The Marquis Lanza di Brolo has announced the engagement of her son, Lieut. Manfred Lanza, U. S. A., to Miss Madeleine Lanzaux of New Orleans. La. Miss Lanzaux comes of an old French family and is considered one of the most charming girls in the Crescent city. The wedding will take place early in May, and will be very quiet.

Among the recent arrivals at the Shoreham are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edmunds of New York, Mrs. Austin H. Watson and Mrs. Wilson Taylor of New York.

Mrs. S. D. Embick, wife of Captain Embick, U. S. A., entertained at bridge yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Munroe of Annapolis, Md., announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emily Wickham, to Lieut. Laurence North McNair, U. S. N.

Mr. Newton Baker, Secretary of War, for the first time joined the other members of the cabinet at their usual Friday luncheon at the Shoreham.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewett Canfield and daughter, Miss Frances, of Canandaigua, N. Y., have been traveling through Georgia and Florida during the winter months and are now guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Covert, on Capitol Hill.

Mrs. Robert Lerner will entertain at bridge this afternoon at her residence in O street.

Mrs. William Alexander Dick, who has been the guest of Rear Admiral and Mrs. C. M. Chester, for several weeks, left Washington yesterday for her home in Philadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. Norton Downs, of Philadelphia, who have been spending the latter part of the winter at Alken, S. C., and who are now on their way North are stopping at the Willard. Others who arrived there yesterday are Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pratt and Miss Katherine Pratt, of Boston, who are returning from Florida; Mr. and Mrs. William S. Rogers, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. David English, of Philadelphia; and Mrs. J. W. Towle and Miss Towle, who have been spending some time in Somerville, S. C.

Mr. John Barrett entertained informally yesterday at luncheon at the Shoreham.

Among others lunching at the Shoreham yesterday were Count J. A. Z. van Rechteren Limpurg, attaché of the Netherlands Legation, and Dr. George N. Poullet, first attaché of the Bulgarian Legation.

Miss Ednah Landvoight held a students' recital at her home studio last evening when a most enjoyable program was given. Those contributing to the program were Misses Frances Squires, Ethel Hegner, Dorothea Hoier, Isabel Allen, Helen Hayes Brown, Rebecca Seamon, Gladys Marks, Winifred Hersch, and Edna Morgan.

Mrs. Cornelia Adair, who has been making her home at London, and Miss Minnie Moore, of New York, arrived at Washington yesterday and are at the Willard for a few days.

Mr. Mitchell Palmer, of Stroudsburg, Pa., arrived in Washington yesterday and

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tulips, and dahlias formed the decorations in both drawing and dining rooms. Besides the regent, Mrs. Margaret M. Berry, and the members, the guests invited to the tea included Mrs. Sallie Ould Donelson, Miss Mary Wilcox, Mrs. Virginia Brownell, Mrs. Frank Greenwalt, Mrs. Alex Galt, Miss Nina Brownell, Miss Bruce Williams, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Inez Ryan, Miss Celia Staples Martin, of Richmond, Mrs. Charles Hart, Mrs. Joseph F. Handell, Mrs. Towner, Mrs. Helena H. Mord, Mrs. R. Bolling, and Miss Sophia Rochester Beatty.

At the business meeting which preceded the tea, Mrs. H. E. C. Bryant, of Charlotte, N. C., was welcomed into the chapter as a new member. The regent, Mrs. Berry, was in the chair.

The annual amount for the scholars' ship, which educates a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence in the Hainer School, of North Carolina, was voted by the chapter.

Alternates elected for the coming congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution were: Mrs. Claude N. Bennett, Miss Stella Hart, Mrs. H. E. C. Bryant, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Harrison, Miss Lillie C. Abrahams, Miss Louise M. Turpin, Miss Cary Peachy, Miss Francis Straghan, Miss Antoinette Peterson, and Mrs. L. Montgomery Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Lewis entertained at dinner last evening before the Friday evening dancing class at the Willard.

Representative and Mrs. William F. Humphrey, of Seattle, Washington, entertained at dinner last evening in celebration of "Salmon Day," a day universally observed on the Pacific coast, and which the people of that section hope to have made a day of national observance. The dinner was served in the presidential suite at the Willard, and the piece de resistance was a salmon taken from the Columbia River and sent across the continent to last evening's hosts. The guests of honor were Maj. and Mrs. Blenheim, of Seattle, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Richardson, Mr. George McCallan, Mrs. Eliza Leary, Mr. and Mrs. Will Paine, Mr. and Mrs. Bo Sweney, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Craven, all of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Luman and Mr. and Mrs. Ashman Brown, all of Washington State; and Representative and Mrs. James R. Mann, Representative and Mrs. Julius Kahn, Representative and Miss Simpson, Mrs. Berry-Hill, and Mr. Walter Pentfield.

The Riding and Hunt Club of Washington is planning to give a society circus on Saturday evening, April 8, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the army branches of the club members and professional actors. The entertainment promises to be the most elaborate event undertaken by the club. Mr. George Oakley Totters, Jr., is chairman of the committee in charge.

The Italian Liner Carries Guns.

New York, March 10.—With two guns mounted on her stern as a protection against submarines the Italian liner America arrived in port today from Naples. Among her 1,914 passengers were 150 Americans.

COOK'S

Imperial Extra Dry Champagne

It's not just the "pop" of the cork but what's back of the cork—life. It's not just the bubbles but what's in each of them—bouquet. It's not just that it's champagne but that it is delicious Cook's—the real flavor of the soul of the grape.

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